

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 782.]

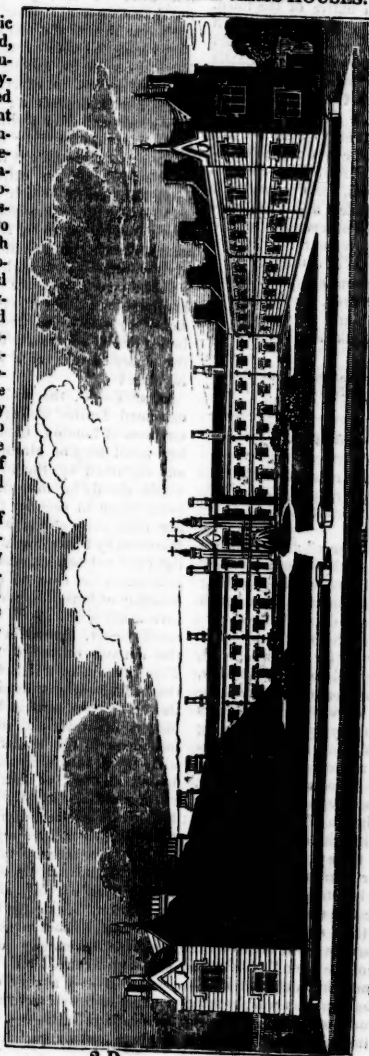
SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE MARYLEBONE ALMS-HOUSES.

THIS philanthropic design is, indeed, worthy of the opulent parish of Marylebone. It originated in the munificent legacy of five hundred pounds, bequeathed to the parish by Count Woronzow, long ambassador of Russia to this country. With this sum, a subscription was commenced for erecting an asylum for the aged and unfortunate, and endowing the establishment with appropriate funds. The contributions already amount to 2,200*l.*, to which is added the Woronzow legacy of 500*l.*, making a total of 2,700*l.*

The building of the alms-houses being determined on by the managing Committee, the ground was taken in the Circus Road, § Regent's Park, as already stated at page 208 of the present volume. The Committee then addressed a circular to the several architects resident within the parish. Numerous plans and estimates were, accordingly, submitted to the Sub-Committee, who selected the design furnished by Messrs. Pink and Kram, No. 29, Upper Seymour street, Portman square; which choice has been approved and adopted by the



Committee, and the Subscribers.

The ground is nearly 200 feet in length, and 150 feet in depth. The foundation has just been commenced. The buildings will consist of a centre, with a chapel, and two wings, in the old English domestic style of architecture. The central chapel will be ornamented with octagonal towers and pinnacles. The remainder of the centre and the wings will be divided into fourteen houses, with offices in the rear; affording houses for 58 persons. The building will be of brick, and the front finished with imitative stone; the gables throughout being ornamented with finials. The area will be neatly disposed, with a basin and jet of water in the centre. The amount of the building contract is about 3,500*l.* When completed, the Marylebone Alms-houses will bear comparison with any similar foundation in the suburbs; and to a well-regulated mind, this building and its associations of benevolence, will afford equal satisfaction with the prospect of any palatial mansion in its vicinity.

THE CASTLE AT NEWCASTLE.

(To the Editor.)

As a constant reader of the *Mirror*, I beg to call your attention to a mistake which occurred in No. 778. The account of the Castle of Newcastle states that "nothing remains of the outer wall but the main entrance or Black Gate." Being a native of the town, and having resided, until lately, within ten yards of the spot, I am enabled to correct this error. The nearest way from the Castle to the Tyne Bridge is by a long flight of steps, called the Castle Garth Stairs, and forms a part of the Rag Fair of the town, leading from within twenty yards of the Castle down into a street called the Close, at the end of the Bridge. About one-third of the way down is an arch, that belonged to the outer wall of the Castle; and I am more surprised that it escaped observation, as it is so low, or rather the pavement has been so often raised, that a person of common height cannot pass under it without stooping. There is, likewise, another archway, standing as an entrance to a public house at the end of Bailif Gate, which, I think, also belonged to the outer wall.

J. J.

[The authority for our statement was Sykes's *Local Records*, published at Newcastle in 1853.—Ed.]

Anecdote Gallery.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES.

Happy the man, who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that checkers life.

COWPER.

THE following authentic anecdotes, will, we are persuaded, be read with pleasure by every sincere Christian, as illustrating the consoling doctrine of a special Providence, how much soever the unbeliever may deride it.

A lady had a very studious son, who was in the habit of sitting up for hours to read, after his family had retired to rest; to this, as he sat in the drawing-room, not practising the dangerous custom of reading in bed, his mother did not particularly object; the young man, too, was careful, and up to a certain period she had no apprehensions for the safety of the house. One night, however, her spirits became much depressed,—a strong conviction possessed her mind, that her son had gone to bed, leaving the candles burning on the drawing-room table; and though she had long retired to her chamber, a something irresistibly impelled her to go down stairs and see: and, she had no sooner opened the drawing-room door, than she beheld to her utmost horror and alarm, a great body of fire occupying the centre of the room! She summoned assistance, and, thus detected in its earliest stage, the conflagration was happily extinguished, ere much mischief had been done; but, it had indeed arisen from the

young student having left the candles lighted, whose long, blazing, and tallow-saturated wicks had dropped down the sides of the candlesticks, and fired the books and papers which lay on the table: now, the house must have been burnt down, had not the threatened danger been discovered in time; but who, we ask, prompted the lady to do that this night, which confiding in her son's carefulness, she had never done before?

A young lady, a near relation, lay down in her bed one night, leaving her candle burning on the drawers, in expectation of a servant coming to extinguish it; she fell asleep, but was awakened after awhile, by, as she fancied, a mouse running over her face; she started up, a great light filled the room, and she beheld, to her extreme consternation, some linen on fire which lay near the candle on the drawers. The maid-servant, had not been, as expected, to put out the light; which, as in the former instance, had burnt down and communicated with things around it; and the young lady, her family, and probably her neighbours, (for this incident happened in London,) were saved from mischief incalculable, by the apparently trivial circumstance, imaginary or real, of a mouse running over her face!

Mrs. T——, the amiable principal of an esteemed Ladies' College in the immediate environs of London, relates, that one night, her mind became strangely possessed with, and disturbed by, the idea that — House would shortly be robbed, and that she had better place in security the pocket-money of her numerous pupils as soon as possible. Haunted by this thought, which the morning light did not banish, she caused each *demi-selle* under her care, to confide to the guardianship of herself, or teachers, all her money, save a few shillings for immediate use, in a small packet, ticketed with name, date, and the amount of the sum therein contained. This money, of which we believe 113*l.* was thus collected, was usually taken care of by its young possessors in keyless drawers, and lockers never locked, so that it lay particularly open to the tender mercies of thieves; and, upon this occasion, one girl only, the happy mistress of four or five bright sovereigns, either furtively kept them back, or boldly refused to resign them into safer custody. Two or three nights afterwards, — House, was actually broken into; and the object of the robbers appears to have been the children's money, since every box, drawer, and locker, belonging to them was opened, ransacked, its contents strewed on the ground, and the sovereigns of the unsubmitive school-girl carried off.

Mr. B—— a very clever and much esteemed country practitioner, calling one day at a cottage in S——, (Norfolk), heard with concern that his patient, a poor labourer, was

no more. Instead of fleeing from "the house of mourning," the humane gentleman entered it, to give what consolation he could to a distressed widow and her children, and to inquire into the particulars of the poor man's death. The family were urgent that Mr. B— should see him, which he at first refused, but afterwards (remembering, perhaps, that the poorer classes of society esteem a visit to their deceased friends a compliment,) altered his mind, and would not deny them so slight a favour. Upon being led into the upper room where the poor man lay,—sitting down by the bed and conversing upon him, he happened to partly turn the sheet down, and place his hand on the body:—"How is this?" then exclaimed Mr. B—; "he is yet warm! And if he really died so many hours ago, 'tis strange,—very strange—that he should be so." The family assured their kind medical friend that they were correct in their statement, and Mr. B—, after a little further examination of the corpse, called for brandy. Some hours spent, in forcing at intervals a tea-spoonful of this veritable *agua vitae* down the poor man's throat, were followed by the happiest results: the supposed dead man was restored to life, and is living at this period, or at least was, when we saw him not long since at S—, in Norfolk. Mr. B— may, perhaps, be induced to give the public, hereafter, a detailed account of this curious case, which we have merely slightly noted, as another instance of "God's good providence" in the preservation of his creatures; though, doubtlessly, those there are, who will not scruple to term the accident of a medical man calling in upon a patient just in time to rescue him from being buried alive, "a lucky hit."

Some years since, the following singular accident and providential escape from death, occurred to a lady, a member of a well-known baronet's family:—Mrs. — had been extremely ill of a nervous disorder, which rendered perfect quiet essential to the preservation of her existence. It happened that she had a great antipathy to monkeys, and the sight of one of these animals failed not to throw her into a dangerous state of tremor. Still confined to a sick room, she was standing one day before an open window in her chamber, when the monkey of a man who was at the instant exhibiting a show in the street, darted up a lamp-post with the agility peculiar to his race, and seemed in the act of throwing himself through the open window, into the invalid's chamber.

So terrified was Mrs. — by the creature's movements and grimaces, that falling into a succession of extremely dangerous fits, it became necessary to send for her physician. He arrived,—looked at his unfortunate patient,—

"Shook his head in sign of sorrow—
Despairing of his fee to-morrow."

2 D 2

wrote a prescription, which he begged might be immediately made up and taken; he then departed. The sufferer's grieved and alarmed husband, hastened with this himself, instantly, to a chemist, desiring him to make up directly the medicine ordered on that paper. The chemist, upon reading the prescription, appeared disquieted, and seemed to demur whether he would comply with the order or not: "Why this delay?" cried the gentleman; "for Heaven's sake give me the medicine quickly, for my wife suffers every minute until it be taken."

"Excuse me, sir; but is the lady indeed so seriously ill?"

"Yes,—no; she has received a fright, which has thrown her, being in a delicate and highly nervous state of health, into strong and repeated fits. But why do you ask?"

"Pardon me, sir, for inquiring further, if she be really past recovery?"

"God forbid!" cried the astonished husband; "I hope—I believe—not; I never anticipated such a thing!"

"And you are perfectly ignorant, then, of the nature of the remedy prescribed?"

"Perfectly; except that I imagine it to be a composing draught."

"It is, sir, indeed," gravely and kindly answered the humane chemist; "and so composing, that it is merely calculated to make your lady die easier than her physician, who considers her past recovery, thinks she would otherwise do; perhaps you will favour me with the particulars of her case?"

"These, the terrified Mr. — detailed, when the chemist replied:

"In my humble opinion, sir, your lady's situation is by no means desperate; at least, I cannot conscientiously make up for her a death-draught like this, till other remedies have been tried and failed; so that you will perhaps allow me, simply, to substitute for it a composing draught, and let us see the effect."

Joyfully did Mr. — accede to this proposal; the safe medicine was successfully administered, and the lady lived fifty years after this providential deliverance from imminent peril and certain death.

Mrs. Graham, a well-known Scottish authoress, was, in the October of 1825, about to take her passage in a steam-boat, for a short jaunt from "her own people, and her own place," when, for two or three nights previously to her intended departure, she was haunted by a dream respecting the vessel which much disturbed her, though in waking hours she could only recollect, that she was on board it, in company with a gentleman, in an officer's undress—a blue, braided military coat and shako,—and who was attended by a fine Newfoundland dog. The recurrence of this dream was singular, but how startling

to Mrs. Graham was the actual appearance of the officer and his dog on board the packet, when she reached the place of embarkation. Nay, so singular did the coincidence appear to her, that she relinquished the opportunity of proceeding by this vessel, and thereby saved her life; for the steamboat in question was the unfortunate *Comet*, which, subsequently, on that very day, Friday, October 21st, 1825, whilst pursuing her passage, was struck, and run down by the *Ayr* steamer, when every soul on board perished. Perhaps the officer, the subject of Mrs. Graham's dream, was the identical Captain Sutherland, of the 33rd regiment, whose melancholy fate, with that of his young bride, excited such deep and universal sympathy.—Mysterious indeed, are His ways, "whose paths are in the deep waters!"

M. L. B.

Retrospective Gleanings.

SOLITARINESS AND COMPANIONSHIP.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—Retirement from the world is properest when it is in a tempest; but if it should be in our power to allay it, we ought even then to immerse our private in the public safety. He may be wise to himself, that can sleep away a storm in a cabin. I deny not but a man may be good in retirement; especially when the world swarms with vice. One would not travel but upon necessity, when he must be either wetted with the rain of slander, or battered with the hail of injury: it would be uncharitable to condemn, in general, all the monasteries that have cloistered up themselves from the world: nor, are they purely to be reckoned among such as are shut out from commerce: they are not alone, that have books and company within their own walls. He is properly to be accounted alone, that is illiterate, and inactively lives in a hamlet of some untravelled village of the duller country; yet we see in the general election of men, a companionable life is preferred before those cells that give them ease and leisure. It is not one of a million that habits himself for a monk out of choice and natural liking; and if we look at those that do it, we shall find that either want, vexation, crosses, or contingencies, have sent them unto places nature never intended them for. The soul of man is as well active as contemplative. Certainly, an operative rest is acceptable to man; but, an ineffectual laziness is the seminary both of vice and infamy: it clouds the mind and senses; and, at last, transmits a man to the darkness and oblivion of the grave. When Domitian was alone, he caught only flies; but, it is recorded of the wise and prudent Augustus, that he slept but little, and was so far from loving to be alone, that he had alternate watchers to discourse with him in the

night when he awoke. Was not Scipio more glorious, fighting in Africa, than Servilius Vacca, sleeping in his noiseless country? Certainly, the inculture of the world would perish it into a wilderness, should not the activeness of commerce make it a universal city. Though solitude may keep a mind from being tempted with the frequencies of vice, or the splendour of wealth and greatness, and give it more leisure to study virtue, and to think on heaven; yet when man shall be overswayed by the pondure of his own corruptions, may not time administer thoughts that are evil, as soon as those that are good? The caution was seasonable, that Cleanthes gave to him that he found alone, and talking to himself. Take heed (said he) you speak not with an evil man. There is this to be said against solitude: temptations may approach more freely to him that is alone, than to him that has the benefit of a companion. A man need be a great master of his affections, that will live sequestered from the world and company. He is little acceptable that does never quit the tiring-room; but he that can help, when need requires, in the senate or the field; and, when he hath leisure, can make a happy use of it, and give himself employment to his benefit, hath doubtless the greatest pleasure, and husbands his life to the best of uses; for, by being abroad, he suffers others to reap the advantage of his parts and piety: and, by looking sometimes inward, he enjoys himself with ease and contentment.

W. G. C.

The Sketch-Book.

THE DEAN OF BADAJOZ.

(From the German of Langbein.)

A few centuries ago, the cathedral church of Badajoz, in Spain, boasted a dean of wonderful learning, who, on account of the extent of his wisdom, and the splendour of his eloquence, had acquired the nickname of Gold-mouth. But the praises which flattery and fame were perpetually ringing in his ears, so bewildered him, and elevated him to such a height in his own esteem, that he, at length, grew discontented with his humble deanery. He considered himself deserving of an archbishopric, or even of the triple crown itself; but, as he saw no possibility of ever arriving at either of those dignities, he was tormented night and day.

While his discontented mind was in this state of agitation, he chanced to hear that a certain magician dwelt in the neighbourhood of Toledo, named Mendoza, who had performed unheard-of miracles.—"Ah!" said Gold-mouth to himself in ecstasy, "he can, perhaps, even raise a dean to a bishopric. It does not, indeed, become one of my order to have dealings with such suspicious charac-

ters, but having received ambition from the Devil, I am compelled to seek the aid of one of his agents."

No sooner said than done; he saddled his mule, and set out instantly on his way to Toledo. Mendoza lived in an adjacent village. His habitation was easily discovered by the immense throng of cripples and invalids of all sorts who were congregated round the door, in the expectation of being cured by this far-famed magician. The dean, however, rushed past them, fastened his mule outside, and entered the house, with the conceited strut of pride and self-importance. Mendoza, a silver-haired old man, received him with an air of gravity and marked respect. His dress was of coarse, black cloth, and he had a long, shaggy beard, which, at that time, was deemed a mark of wisdom, but now-a-days is considered by most people a never-failing proof of ignorance.—"Senhor," said Gold-mouth, "it is almost superfluous for me to inform your omniscience of my name. I am the Dean of Badajoz, universally known for my learning and skill in the sciences; yet am I come to be a pupil of yours. Instruct me in that knowledge which gives you power over the world of spirits, and enables you to subdue even the fickle goddess Fortune to your bidding. I burn with the desire of mounting on the wings of magic to the highest ecclesiastical dignities; effect but that, Senhor, and I will never cease to be grateful for it."—"Grateful," echoed Mendoza with an incredulous smile; "man, friend dean is an ungrateful being. That is a truth which a priest should be the last person to question."—"What do I hear?" said Gold-mouth; "do you accuse the order to which I belong of having a larger share of ingratitude than any other class of mankind? Well then, put me to the test; I will be the means of redeeming my brotherhood from the imputation of such a glaring stain upon their character."—"I will take you at your word," rejoined Mendoza; "on the faith of this promise will I risk my instruction."—He then opened a door which communicated with the kitchen, and called out in a loud voice to his cook—"Anna! put two partridges upon the spit: the Dean of Badajoz dines here to-day."

When he had given this order, he conducted his guest into a smoke-discoloured apartment, called his workshop; the floor of which was covered with ponderous volumes upon the black art, and various implements of alchemy lay scattered around. But the most remarkable objects were several small imps in glass bottles, who, bowing with mock solemnity, and leaping with astonishing dexterity, greeted the entrance of the stranger with every demonstration of joy.—"Be seated, friend dean," said Mendoza; "my studies being of a dry nature, suppose we moisten

them with a little wine." Raising a trap-door from the ground, he descended to a vault below, and returned with a stone pitcher. He then filled two glasses with wine, took down a crystal phial from a shelf above him, and muttering, at the same time, some unintelligible spell, poured out two drops of a purple-coloured liquid into one of the glasses, which he handed to the dean with a friendly invitation to drink. Gold-mouth drank it. How long they sat drinking together, and what topics they discussed over their cups, I have no means of knowing; besides, such a relation would be a digression from our tale.

Soon afterwards, the Bishop of Badajoz died, and the vacant mitre was conferred upon our friend the Dean. Good wishes for his future happiness flowed in from all quarters. Mendoza waited upon him in person, and commended himself to his favour and his gratitude; for, it was through his instrumentality that he obtained the bishopric. His reverence thanked his patron in the smoothest language, but entreated pardon for not being able immediately to evince his gratitude and desire to serve him by any substantial mark of favour.—"I must get a step higher yet," said he; "and the expenses attending my sudden elevation have nearly drained my purse. Do not on this account, my dear friend, withdraw your helping hand from me; but rather devote your whole exertions to procure my promotion, and rest assured that the delayed payment of the debt of gratitude I owe you shall then be discharged with triple interest."

Mendoza made a low bow, and put up with the promise of future reward, without a word of expostulation. He carried his condescension still further, for he took up his residence in Badajoz, and always advised and assisted the bishop in matters connected with his office; so that the devil himself might be said in some measure to occupy the episcopal chair. But he acted his part without discovery, and played the cards so well, that the fame of the Bishop of Badajoz soon filled the whole of Spain; and, in a short time, he was nominated to the archbishopric of Seville. On his journey to assume the functions of his new office, the lips of thousands greeted him with the welcome of the ancient Spanish proverb, "Whosoever has the love of God with him is permitted to visit Seville."

Thither also Mendoza followed him, and took the liberty of waiting upon him soon after his arrival, humbly to request the reward which he had promised him.—"It is not gold I seek," said he, addressing him mildly; "all I ask is a small benefice for my son, who has just completed his course of studies at the high school of Toledo."—"I will do the best I can for him," replied the

Archbishop; let us only wait till there is a favourable opportunity. I must first provide for several others, who have the interest and recommendation of persons in high authority. As soon as I have dismissed these importunate suitors, I will exert myself to the utmost to procure something handsome for your son. He cannot be a loser by the delay; for it is probable that in the mean time I may rise another step nearer to the Vatican; and the higher I ascend, the greater will be my power of doing good to my friends."

The magician quietly endured this second repulse, and went away without being in the least disconcerted, resolving to employ all the engines of magic over which he had power for the benefit of his patron. His zeal in his service soon had the desired result; for his holiness the Pope sent a Cardinal's red hat to the Archbishop, and invited him to Rome, there to enjoy, like the other heads of the Church, his seat and voice in the assembly of the Cardinals. Every body was amazed at the upstart's sudden elevation, except himself; for he considered that it had been only in proportion to his great merit, and that Fortune, who had so wonderfully attended him throughout, was merely an idle slave, who did no more than she could help.

Mendoza accompanied the Cardinal to Rome. His eminence treated him as before, with overflowing kindness of manner; but never made any allusion to benefices or other rewards. He was at length obliged to drop a gentle hint:—"Patience, old man!" said the Cardinal; the time is now fast approaching when we shall settle our account. I am like a man on a journey, who is only one short stage distant from the place of his destination. He has then no time for delay; he postpones all business for the repose and leisure of his journey's end. Thus it is with me. My object is the papal throne. Your efforts and good fortune combined will soon place me there. The holy father is old and infirm; even now he totters on the brink of the grave; he cannot reign much longer; and there is no doubt that with the same aid which has hitherto befriended me, I shall be elected his successor. Then, my friend, then shalt thou behold the accusation of ingratitude, with which you once stigmatized the members of the Church, nobly disproved in the generous conduct of their chief.

What happened?—The Pope died; the Cardinals assembled in the chamber of election in the Vatican; and Mendoza caused himself to be admitted into Gold-mouth's stall as his secretary. But the *soi-disant* secretary, summoning the powers of enchantment to his aid, exercised a secret influence over the whole body of electors, and thus succeeded in placing the papal crown upon the head of our Spanish Cardinal.

The new representative of the Church had now the keys, not only of heaven, but also of an immense treasury; and, by slipping into it, he could easily satisfy the demands of the author of his power and greatness. But he now lost all esteem for the magician. The only use which the holy father made of his new treasure, was, like his predecessor, to enrich his kinsmen, who flocked into Rome from all parts of Spain, like a swarm of locusts.

For some time, Mendoza remained a patient spectator of the scene. As the Pope, however, seemed to regard him merely as useless lumber in the Vatican, now that his assistance was no longer available, he determined upon reminding the ungrateful man of the specious promises which he had successively made when Dean, Bishop, Archbishop, and Cardinal. He did so with unassuming humility; but the holy father surveyed him with a look of scorn, and replied in a tone of menace, "How canst thou presume to ascribe to thy aid the honours and the power which, partly by the grace of God, I now enjoy! Thy own admission, that thou art in league with the powers of darkness would justify my pronouncing sentence of death upon thee; but, as an act of special mercy, I will mitigate the just punishment of thy offence to perpetual banishment. Depart from my sight! Quit Rome immediately, and, in three days, the papal dominions. If thou art found within my territories after the expiration of that time, thy life shall be the forfeit of thy disobedience."

Unmoved, without a word of defence or reproach, Mendoza suffered sentence of excommunication to be thundered against him; and, coolly rising, he called out—"Anna! take the partridges off the spit. The Dean does not dine here to-day."

The holy father gave an involuntary shudder on hearing these words; he rubbed his eyes, and with a loud shriek, he found himself transported from the splendid palace of the Vatican to the smoky workshop of the magician, where he had been dreaming upon an old arm-chair this fairy dream of life. As in some of the plays of Shakspeare,* the events of a series of years are represented in three hours upon the stage: so Gold-mouth, under the influence of an enchanted potion, had, in a still shorter period, been a Bishop, an Archbishop, a Cardinal, and a Pope; and now, lolling in a crazy arm-chair, he relapsed once more into plain Dean of Badajoz. Mendoza, the architect of all these castles in the air, gave him a searching look: the little imps, "grinning ghastly smiles," leaped up and down in their glass prison-houses, and

* It is hardly necessary to observe that the allusions to Shakspeare are as frequent and familiar in German writers as in those of his native land; and that he is not more devoutly studied nor more passionately admired in this country than in Germany.

clapped their hands with delight. The de-throned Dean durst not raise his eyes from the ground; ashamed that in the appointed trial of his heart, it had proved so "rotten at the core." Without uttering a syllable, he rushed towards the door, found his mule as he had left it, mounted, and disregarding night and mist, resolved on instantly returning to his deanery.

He had hardly proceeded the distance of a gunshot, when somebody very unceremoniously sprang up behind him, with such force as nearly to jerk him off the mule. Breathing vengeance, the Dean turned round; when, heavens! he beheld a gaunt, black, horned fiend, whose fiery eyes glared like lanterns through the dark. With horror, he started up in the saddle, and was in the act of dismounting to surrender it to this dreadful intruder, when he laid his dragon-claws upon his shoulders, and addressing him in a tone of familiarity, said, "Stay, friend priest, stay, I only wished to give you a piece of advice, which you will find useful to you in your journey through life; it is that Ingratitude is a detestable vice even in the eyes of the Devil."

C. S.

The Naturalist.

ICEBERGS.

AMONG the prodigies of nature, few objects are more calculated to attract our attention than icebergs,—by their stupendous size, and variety of forms.

Professor Leslie has thus explained the formation of these gigantic wonders of the arctic seas. The snow on the islands or continents being melted in summer, forms collections of fresh water, which freezes, and increases yearly, until the mass becomes mountainous, and rises to the elevation of the surrounding cliffs. The melting of the snow, which is afterwards deposited on these enormous blocks, likewise contributes to their growth, and by filling up the holes and crevices renders the whole solid. When such a mass has reached the height of 1,000 or 2,000 feet, the accumulated weight, assisted by the action of the ocean at its base, plunges it into the sea, and it is driven southward by the winds and currents, and known to mariners under the name of *iceberg*. It consists of clear, compact, solid ice, generally with a bluish green tint. From the cavities in it the northern whalers fill their casks with pure, fresh water.

The journals of modern navigators in the arctic seas present many interesting details of icebergs—their perils and beauties. Captain Ross' first *Voyage of Discovery* has supplied the annexed representation of a remarkable iceberg, which he saw in July, 1818, lat. 47° and long. 65° W. Its form is

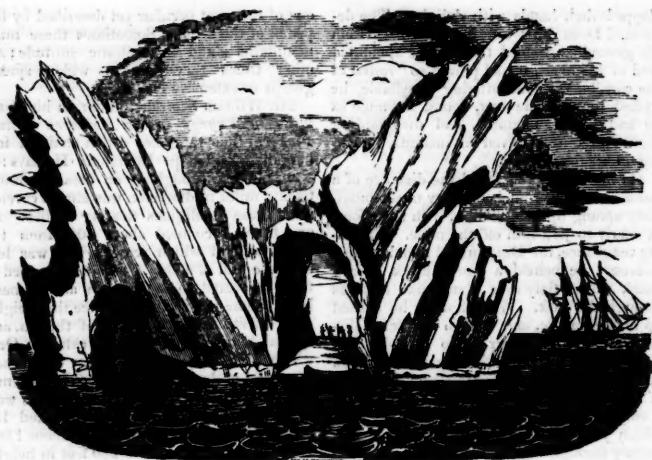
one of the most peculiar yet described by the pencil of the artist. Sometimes these huge mountains stand in majestic solitude; at other times they float in widely spread groups or extensive chains.

Mr. William Scoresby, junior, in his *Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale Fishery*, thus describes a vast chain of icebergs lying off Cape Brewster. He says:—

"The sea, throughout an area of almost twenty miles in diameter, was almost covered with these prodigious floating bodies. At one time, I counted above 500 from the mast-head, of which scarcely any was less than the hull of a ship. About a hundred of them appeared to be as high as our mast-head. Some were certainly twice this height, or 200 feet above the surface of the sea, and several hundreds of yards in extent. One, which I had a good opportunity of estimating, was at least a mile in circumference, and 100 feet in height; three others were about 1,800 feet in circumference, and 150 feet in height; and another was about 1,000 feet in circumference, and 200 feet in height. They assumed a great variety of forms, and some difference of tints; but the prevailing appearance was that of cliffs or islands of chalk. In recent fractures, however, the colour is a fine emerald green; and, in cavities, where the light is transmitted through a portion of the ice, it is a brilliant blue. Many of the icebergs contained strata of earth and stones, and some were loaded with beds of rock of great thickness, and weighing, by calculation, from 50,000 to 160,000 tons. One, in particular, was observed, (if it was indeed an iceberg,) that was loaded to the height of a ship's mast-head with such piles of rock, that only a very few specks of ice were visible. I obtained specimens of rocks from several of these, which consisted of gneiss, basaltic greenstone, some of it strongly magnetic, granular felspar, transition clay-slate, hornblende mica-slate, a kind of granite, &c.

"The weight of some of the icebergs is enormous. One of those above mentioned was a mile in circumference, or 1,500 feet square, and a hundred feet above the level of the sea. As it was nearly a parallelepipedon, its weight may easily be determined. Had its upper surface been exactly horizontal, the quantity of the mass below, to that above the level of the water, would have been in the proportion of 8·2 to 1;* but, as there were some irregularities, the quantity of ice below in this berg may be considered as seven times greater than the quantity floating above the surface of the sea. Hence its weight must have been equivalent to a mass of sea-water 1,500 feet square, and 700 feet thick, being the quantity that it displaced. The solid content of the water displaced,

* Account of the Arctic Regions, vol. i, p. 324.



(Remarkable Iceberg : from Ross' First Voyage.)

equal 1,575,000,000 cubic feet, divided by 35, the number of cubic feet of water of the Greenland sea, in a ton weight, affords a quotient of forty-five millions of tons for the weight of the iceberg."

CRANES AND CRABS.

ON the coast of Chili, innumerable small crabs live in cylindrical excavations in the sand, and, as the tide approaches, watch for their share of the booty brought by the waves, while they themselves are threatened by the long-legged cranes, which pursue with extraordinary eagerness the crustacea, and in general all marine animals. But the bird cannot get one of these crabs except by rapid flight, and even the diligent naturalist does not obtain them without digging in the sand; for the smallest trembling of the ground under the foot, even the shadow of a person approaching, warns the little animal of its danger, and with the rapidity of lightning it retreats into its hole. Swarms of little fish purposely suffer themselves to be brought by every wave far upon the beach, and seem to take pleasure in the sport, for they are so quick and so attentive, that you may attempt in vain to catch a single one, or to intercept a number in their retreat with the receding wave. The grave herons alone contrive to deceive them by their fixed attitude, which, at a favourable moment, is interrupted by an almost convulsive motion, and brings death to one of the poor dupes.—*Poeppig's Travels.*

New Books.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF MY OWN TIME.

By Sir N. W. Wraxall, Bart.

[THE lovers of light literature may recollect Sir Nathaniel Wraxall as one of the most entertaining anecdotists of the latter part of the last century. Engaged in public life from the age of twenty, and before the world, as the phrase is, till within a few years of his death, Sir Nathaniel was, undoubtedly, a man of extensive intelligence upon subjects of contemporary history. He had travelled well and widely on the Continent, visiting almost every country from Lapland to Lisbon, carrying with him a lively talent for observation and record. By excellent introductions, he gleaned much of the secret histories of the principal Courts of Europe, especially of France, Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna. He sat in three sessions of Parliament, and obtained a baronetcy, though he was not uniform in supporting the darling minister of the day. After publishing his travels, he gave to the world the *Historical Memoirs of his own Time*, in which "the premature disclosures of historical truth" brought upon the author the prosecutions and threats of certain parties concerning whom there might be unpalatable facts. The Royal Family were dissatisfied with Sir Nathaniel's portrait of George the Third; it had too few courtly touches; the writer had not a "candied tongue." He offended the admirers or followers of Pitt, Fox, and North; and he was coarsely abused

by the two opposing political reviews; their unanimity on Sir Nathaniel's veracity being truly surprising. The Baronet stood the brunt of all parties unhurt, till some unlucky mention of the Count Woronzow brought upon him the prosecution of that nobleman; though, to his honour, be it said, he made every effort to prevent the execution of the judgment. Profiting by experience during nearly six months' sojourn, or mild confinement, in the King's Bench, Sir Nathaniel resolved not to let the present memoirs see the light till he should have been removed from the scene. The preface of the present work is, accordingly, dated 1825, though it has only just been printed. We ought to mention that Sir Nathaniel found consolation amidst all the calumny and clamour against him, in the testimony of the late Sir George Osborn, a near relative of Lord North, and one of the grooms of the bedchamber to George the Third during nearly forty years. Sir George pledged his name to the truth of nine out of ten of Sir Nathaniel's anecdotes, adding that he, Sir N., was imprisoned for giving to future ages a perfect picture of his time, as interesting as Clarendon.

The present work commences with 'the general election of April, 1784. Its amusing character will be best attested by quotations, which will make up a very feast of anecdote and flow of wit.]

The Duchess of Devonshire.

The Duchess of Devonshire was one of the most distinguished females of high rank whom the last century produced. Her personal charms constituted her smallest pretension to universal admiration; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunninges, in regularity of features and faultless formation of limbs and shape: it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment, in her irresistible manners, and the seduction of her society. Her hair was not without a tinge of red; and her face, though pleasing, yet had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered as an ordinary countenance. Descended in the fourth degree lineally from Sarah Jennings, the wife of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, she resembled the portraits of that celebrated woman. In addition to the external advantages which she had received from nature and fortune, she possessed an ardent temper, susceptible of deep as well as strong impressions; a cultivated understanding, illuminated by a taste for poetry and the fine arts; much sensibility, not exempt, perhaps, from vanity and coquetry. Her heart might be considered as the seat of those emotions which sweeten human life, adorn our nature, and diffuse a nameless charm over existence.

Lady Duncannon, however inferior to the duchess in elegance of mind and in personal

beauty, equalled her in sisterly love. During the month of July, 1811, a very short time before the decease of the late Duke of Devonshire, I visited the vault in the principal church of Derby, where repose the remains of the Cavendish family. As I stood contemplating the coffin, which contained the ashes of that admired female, the woman who accompanied me pointed out the relics of a *bouquet* which lay upon the lid, nearly collapsed into dust. "That nosegay," said she, "was brought here by the Countess of Besborough, who had designed to place it with her own hands on her sister's coffin. But, overcome by her emotions on approaching the spot, she found herself unable to descend the steps conducting to the vault. In an agony of grief, she knelt down on the stones, as nearly over the place occupied by the corpse as I could direct, and there deposited the flowers, enjoining me the performance of an office to which she was unequal. I fulfilled her wish."

The late Duke of Norfolk.

At the head of the adherents of Fox might be placed the Earl of Surrey, whom we have since seen during thirty years exhibiting a spectacle new to the house of peers:—namely, a protestant Duke of Norfolk, taking an active part in all the legislative proceedings of that body. Nature, which cast him in her coarsest mould, had not bestowed on him any of the external insignia of high descent. His person, large, muscular, and clumsy, was destitute of grace or dignity, though he possessed much activity. He might, indeed, have been mistaken for a grazier or a butcher, by his dress and appearance; but intelligence was marked in his features, which were likewise expressive of frankness and sincerity.

At a time when men of every description wore hair-powder and a queue, he had the courage to cut his hair short, and to renounce powder, which he never used except when going to court. In the session of 1788, he proposed to Pitt to lay a tax on the use of hair-powder, as a substitute for one of the ministers projected taxes on female servants. This hint, though not improved at the time, was adopted by him some years afterwards. Pitt, in reply to Lord Surrey, observed, that "the noble lord, from his rank, and the office which he held, (deputy earl-marshal of England,) might dispense, as he did, with powder; but there were many individuals whose situation compelled them to go powdered. Indeed, few gentlemen permitted their servants to appear before them unpowdered."

Strong natural sense supplied in Lord Surrey the neglect of education; and he displayed a sort of rude eloquence, whenever he rose to address the house, analogous to his

formation of mind and body. In his youth,—for, at the time of which I speak, he had attained his thirty-eighth year,—he led a most licentious life, having frequently passed the whole night in excesses of every kind, and even lain down, when intoxicated, occasionally to sleep in the streets, or on a block of wood. At the “Beef-steak Club,” where I have dined with him, he seemed to be in his proper element. But few individuals of that society could sustain a contest with such an antagonist, when the cloth was removed. In cleanliness he was negligent to so great a degree, that he rarely made use of water for purposes of bodily refreshment and comfort. He even carried the neglect of his person so far, that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication, for the purpose of washing him. On those occasions, being wholly insensible to all that passed about him, they stripped him as they would have done a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Nor did he change his linen more frequently than he washed himself. Complaining, one day, to Dudley North that he was a martyr to the rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, “Pray, my lord,” said he, “did you ever try a clean shirt?”

Drunkennes was in him an hereditary vice, transmitted down, probably, by his ancestors from the Plantagenet times, and inherent in his formation. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, indulged equally in it; but he did not manifest the same capacities as the son, in resisting the effects of wine. It is a fact that Lord Surrey, after laying his father and all the guests under the table at the Thatched House tavern in St. James’s street, has left the room, repaired to another festive party in the vicinity, and there recommenced the unfinished convivial rites; realizing Thomson’s description of the parson in his “Autumn,” who, after the fox-chase, survives his company in the celebration of these orgies.

* Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch,
Awful and vast, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock,
Returning late with ruminations sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

His very dress, which was most singular, and always the same, except when he went to St. James’s,—namely, a plain, blue coat of a peculiar dye, approaching to purple,—was said to be imposed on him by his priest or confessor, as a penance. The late Earl of Sandwich so assured me; but I always believed Lord Surrey to possess a mind superior to the terrors of superstition. Though twice married while a very young man, he left no issue by either of his wives. The second still survives, in a state of disordered

intellect, residing at Holme Lacy in the county of Hereford.

As he advanced in age, he increased in bulk; and the last time that I saw him, (which happened to be at the levee at Carlton House, when I had some conversation with him,) not more than a year before his decease, such was his size and breadth, that he seemed incapable of passing through a door of ordinary dimensions. Yet he had neither lost the activity of his mind nor that of his body. Regardless of seasons, or impediments of any kind, he traversed the kingdom in all directions, from Greystock in Cumberland, to Holme Lacy and Arundel Castle, with the rapidity of a young man. Indeed, though of enormous proportions, he had not a projecting belly, as Ptolemy Physcon is depicted in antiquity; or like the late King of Wirtemberg, who resembled in his person our popular ideas of *Punch*, and might have asserted with Falstaff, that “he was unable to get sight of his own knee.” In the deliberations of the House of Peers, the Duke of Norfolk maintained the manly independence of his character, and frequently spoke with ability, as well as with information. His talents were neither impaired by years, nor obscured by the Bacchanalian festivities of Norfolk House, which continued to the latest period of his life; but he became somnolent and lethargic before his decease.

Sheridan.

Sheridan combined in himself the talents of Terence and of Cicero, the powers of Demosthenes and of Menander. In the capital of Great Britain, on one and the same day, he has spoken for several hours in Westminster Hall, during the course of Hastings’s trial, to a most brilliant and highly informed audience of both sexes, in a manner so impressive, no less than eloquent, as to extort admiration even from his greatest enemies. Then repairing to the House of Commons, he has exhibited specimens of oratory before that assembly, equalling those which he had displayed in the morning, when addressing the Peers, as one of Hastings’s accusers; while, on the same evening, “*The Duenna*” has been performed at one theatre, and “*The School for Scandal*” at the other, to crowded audiences, who received them with unbounded applause. This is a species of double triumph, of the tongue and of the pen, to which antiquity, Athenian or Roman, can lay no claim, and which has not any parallel in our own history. Lord Bolingbroke may, perhaps, form the nearest approach, as he was both an orator and a writer. So was Burke. Fox himself, after a life passed in the House of Commons, aspired to instruct and to delight by his compositions. But not one of the three can sustain a comparison

with Sheridan, who may be considered, in a comprehensive view, as the most highly endowed man whom we have beheld in our time.

Few men of genius since Sir Richard Steele's time have undergone greater difficulties; and none have had recourse to more extraordinary modes for the purpose of raising money, or obtaining credit, than Sheridan. Some were so ludicrous as to excite mirth, and can hardly obtain belief. He resided during several years in Bruton street, Berkeley square, where the house was frequently assailed with duns or bailiffs, that even the provisions requisite for his family were introduced over the iron railing down the area. In the course of the year 1786, while living there, he entertained at dinner a number of the opposition leaders, though he laboured at that time under almost insurmountable pecuniary embarrassments. All his plate, as well as his books, were lodged in pawn. Having, nevertheless, procured from the pawnbroker an assurance of the liberation of his plate for the day, he applied to Beckett, the celebrated bookseller in Pall Mall, to fill his empty bookcases. Beckett not only agreed to the proposition, but promised to ornament the vacant shelves with some of the most expensive and splendid productions of the British press, provided that two men, expressly sent for the purpose by himself, should be present to superintend their immediate restoration. It was settled finally that these librarians of Beckett's appointment should put on liveries for the occasion, and wait at table. The company having assembled, were shown into an apartment, where the bookcases being opened for the purpose, they had leisure, before dinner was served, to admire the elegance of Sheridan's literary taste, and the magnificence of his collection. But as all machinery is liable to accidents, so, in this instance, a failure had nearly taken place, which must have proved fatal to the entertainment. When every thing was ready for serving the dinner, it happened that, either from the pawnbroker's distrust, or from some unforeseen delay on his part, the spoons and forks had not arrived. Repeated messages were dispatched to hasten them, and they at last made their appearance; but so critically and so late, that there not being time left to clean them, they were thrown into hot water, wiped, and instantly laid on the table. The evening then passed in the most joyous and festive manner. Beckett himself related these circumstances to Sir John Macpherson.

This extraordinary man, as he approached the confines of old age, sank with every successive year in general estimation. Admitting that his faculties remained perfect, as I believe they did, they nevertheless became

overcast from the effects of intoxication, licentiousness, and habits of dissipation. How different, we must own, was the tenor of Fox's life, after the period of his retreat to St. Anne's Hill! Divided during many months of the year between rustic occupations, elegant literature, and the company of a few friends, Fox, (a green apron frequently fastened round his waist,) amused and employed himself in pruning, or nailing up his own fruit-trees. But Fox outlived his vices; those of Sheridan accompanied him to the tomb. Such was the characteristic and inherent difference between these two illustrious men.

The last time that I was in Sheridan's society, we dined together at the late Duke of Queensberry's, in 1807. We formed a small, select company; and he displayed his usual, convivial talents, which never forsook him at table: but the duke, who was above eighty, and had become deaf, did not allow Sheridan to sit long enough, or to swallow sufficient wine, for fully expanding his powers of colloquial entertainment.

At the dissolution of Parliament in 1812, having failed to secure his re-election at Stafford, he ceased to sit in the House of Commons; a circumstance most inconvenient to him, as his person was no longer protected from arrest, while his debts accumulated. I have been assured from good authority, that the Prince of Wales, (or, more properly to speak, the Regent,) transmitted him the sum of three thousand pounds, in order to enable him to procure his election for some other borough; but Sheridan, pressed by domestic exigencies, devoted the money to his own private necessities. From that period, during the four or five concluding years of his life, he, who had so long attracted the attention of an admiring public, insensibly became, if I may so express myself, half-eclipsed, and in a manner forgotten while still alive. Incapable of extricating himself by any efforts of genius or application, (such was his habitual indolence,) from his pecuniary embarrassments, he could no longer defy a host of importunate tradesmen, who clamorously demanded payment. Like *Jaffier*, he might say that his doors were

"Barred and dammed up by gaping creditors."

A friend of mine, a young man, having been arrested in August, 1815, for a debt, and carried to a spunging-house in Fetter-lane, there found himself detained in a large apartment with Sheridan and Sir Watkin Lewes. The latter had been lord-mayor of London, as well as one of the members for that city in successive parliaments. They remained shut up together for three days, at the end of which time Sheridan procured his liberation. He was morose, taciturn, and gloomy before dinner—for they all ate and

slept in the same room;—but when he had drunk nearly two bottles of wine, as he regularly did, after dinner, he became comparatively cheerful and communicative. Sir Watkin, at near fourscore, exhibited equal good-humour and equanimity of mind.

Declining gradually under the attack of chronic diseases aggravated by excess, Sheridan's last scene holds up an affecting and painful subject of contemplation. A privy-councillor, the ornament of his age and nation, caressed by princes, and dreaded by ministers; whose orations and whose dramatic works rank him among the most distinguished men of his own or of any period, expired, though not in a state of destitution, like Spenser, like Otway, or like Chatterton, yet under humiliating circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment. His house in Savile-row was besieged by bailiffs; one of whom pressing to obtain entrance, and availing himself of the moment when the front-door was opened by a servant, in order to admit the visit of Dr. Baillie, who attended Sheridan during the progress of his last illness, that eminent physician, assisted by the footman, repulsed him, and shut the door in his face.

Dr. Baillie, I have been assured, refused to accept any fee for his advice; and Earl Grey, who had so long acted in political union with Sheridan as a member of opposition, supplied him with every article for his comfort, prepared from his own kitchen. Nor, as I have heard, did the Regent forsake him in his last moments. If my information is correct, his Royal Highness sent him two hundred pounds; but Sheridan declined its acceptance, and returned the money.

Franking Letters.

Among the abuses that, in 1784, loudly demanded correction, was the privilege of franking letters; and Pitt judiciously selected it for an object of taxation. As neither the *date* of the letter, nor the *place* from which it was sent, was then necessary to be inserted, in order to render it free of postage, when directed by a member of either house of parliament; the number of franks exacted, and the improper use made of those vehicles of intelligence or correspondence, required ministerial interposition. Not only were covers transmitted by hundreds, packed in boxes, from one part of the kingdom to another, and laid up as a magazine for future expenditure; far greater perversions of the original principle, for purposes very injurious to the revenue, took place. I was acquainted with a member of the House of Commons, a native of Scotland, decorated with the order of the Bath, who sent up to London from Edinburgh, by one post, thirty-three covers, addressed to an eminent banking-house in the Strand, many or most of which contained, not letters, but garden-seeds. So scanda-

lous a violation of the right claimed and exercised under the privilege of parliament, induced the postmasters-general of that time to order the covers, instead of being delivered according to the address, to be instantly carried up to the Speaker's chair, as a fit subject for public notice and animadversion. Timely application having, however, been made to Lord North, then first minister, by the friends of the gentleman who had so acted, and who was a steady supporter of Government, the business never came before the House, or acquired publicity. In 1784, it was thought sufficient to enact that the *place, day, month, and year* where and when the frank was dated, should be henceforward written on the cover: but subsequent regulations have still further reduced the privilege, by diminishing to one-half the *weight* antecedently allowed, namely, to one ounce, instead of two; and by restricting the *number* which can be issued, or received, free of postage, on the same day: thus very properly contracting to narrow limits the facility of sending letters many hundred miles, without paying for their transport, in this commercial and corresponding country. It still constitutes, nevertheless, a distinction to the members of the legislature, though now diminished to the shadow of its pristine usage; for I am old enough to remember the time when only the *name* of the member, with the word *free*, written on the outside of a letter, constituted a frank. I have indeed heard, that they were then sold by the waiters of coffee-houses, and exposed for sale in the windows. Such abuses, which were dishonouring to the two legislative assemblies, have happily produced, though slowly, their own remedy.

George III.

October, 1784.—A singular accident befell the king soon after my return from Paris to London, which, however, was happily untended with any injurious consequences. It happened in the following manner. Towards the beginning of October, his Majesty, whose punctuality in holding his levees was almost proverbial, leaving Windsor, set out on horseback from the Queen's Lodge, at half-past eight on a Wednesday morning, notwithstanding the very threatening aspect of the weather. He was only attended by Major Manners, (now the general of that name,) who happened to be his equerry in waiting, and a groom. Before they reached Colnbrook, it began to rain with violence; but the King, wrapping himself in his great coat, pushed on at greater speed. As he passed over Turnham Green, a countryman, dressed in a common smock-frock, mounted on a sort of cart-horse, and advancing at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, encountered him. His Majesty attempting to pass between him and a loaded wagon going towards London,

received a blow on one of his knees from the man, and had nearly been thrown upon the wagon. Major Manners, who was close behind, and who saw the accident without being able to prevent it, riding up to the fellow, while he doubled his horse-whip, after some execrations, exclaimed, "You scoundrel! don't you see it is the King?" The unfortunate countryman, thus rudely accosted, remaining motionless and speechless, while Manners and the servant both seemed about to inflict chastisement on him; the King instantly interposed.—"Don't strike him on any account," said his Majesty; "he has hurt my knee; but it was altogether an accident. I shall receive no injury from it." So saying, he continued his journey towards London. General Manners assured me, that on looking back, so long as he could perceive the man, he remained still nearly in the same attitude and posture, like a person overcome with amazement, in the middle of the high road. Before noon, his Majesty arrived at the Queen's house, and his first endeavour was exerted to procure some arquebusade; but, in consequence of the violence of the rain, all the domestics assuming as certain that he would come in a carriage, and would drive straight to St. James's, scarcely any person could be found in attendance. A maid-servant having at length brought him the arquebusade, his Majesty pulled down his stocking; and while Manners held the bottle, the King rubbed his knee, which was black, and had received a great contusion. But, after having plentifully bathed the part affected, he immediately got into his sedan-chair, repaired to St. James's, dressed himself, and held his levee, precisely as though no misadventure had befallen him.

(To be continued.) 4 2 0

The Public Journals.

AN APRIL EVENING.

WITH what serene tranquillity pale Eve
O'ermantles Earth, embathing all around
In purple beauty! and as if by spell
Of unseen magic, tempering every sound
And right to an harmonious unison,
Soft and Elysian. O'er the Grampian peaks
Of the far west—where on the horizon's verge
Earth blends with Heaven—a dazzling glory tells
Yet of the new-set sun, tinging a ring
Of clouds, his bright retainers, with the hues
Of Juno's bird:—the sky all else is clear,
A stainless arch, through which the approaching
stars,

By Vesper heralded, just show themselves.

How speaks this April twilight to the heart!
Silence seems brooding o'er the vernal elms,
That, like a diadem, encircle thee
White Oomut, viewed in exquisite relief
Against the Pentland's gulfy depths of blue,
In the south-west afar; and, from thy knoll,
With bustions flanked, and gnarly trees bestrewn,
Deserted Craigmillar, thy days of war,
And festal nights o'erpast, thou lookest down—
A spectral emblem of departed times—

Mourfully solemn on the fields around,
Green with the promise of another year.

And, Ocean, thou art waveless; not a sound
Comes from thy shore—a scullen yellow line,
Far stretching, in its utter loneliness,
Through the dim east. The duck, in halcyon calm,
Slumbers upon thy bosom; and the gull,
That, with its veering wing, and restless shriek,
Seemed like the haunting spectre of the bay,
Hath winged to its island cliff—round which remote
Lie anchored ships, dim seen. Yes! thou art still,
Thou changeful element, whose ebb and flow
Seem like the pulses of the natural world—
A measurement by which the lapse of time
To man is noted;—and thy slumberous breath
Floats landward; even like tephyr on my cheek
I feel it; and the lilac boughs, o'erhead,
Just stirred, from every tuft of richest bloom
Shake down sweet incense. In the Northern sky,
Twilight hath spread her dusky mantle blue,
O'er the coned Lomonds, down to where the May,
On this side views the Forth, on that the plain
Of the broad German sea. Thy nearer crest,
Inchkeith, yet shows of green;—and, lo! thy light,
Well-loved by mariners—to wandering heards
Speaking of home-delights—'tis now a speck,
And now a flaring meteor.

Hark the note
Of the near blackbird from the greenling bough
Of yon broad chestnut—'tis a funeral hymn
O'er day departed! To the listening sky
'Tis sung, and to the gathering stars, the green
Of all the dewy pastures, and the blue
Of wandering rivulets that mirror heaven.

Pleasant it is, within this woven bower
Of wild rose, hop, and honeysuckle boughs,—
While perfume from the apple blossom breathes,
And Sky, Earth, Air, and Ocean, are at rest,
Lingering to listen. Father, which art in Heaven!
Thy works proclaim thee,—morn, and noon, and
night,

Are full of thee—Oh! were we wise to learn!

Blackwood's Magazine.

A SMOKER.

My notions of the qualifications necessary to constitute a man a smoker of the first order, are, certainly, exclusive and aristocratic: the more expanded his intellect, the better; if he be a calm and even-tempered man, smoke will increase his stock of imperturbability; and if he be ardent, enthusiastic, and passionate, it will quietize the ebullitions of temper, while it refines and spiritualizes thought. In short, the test of a true smoker is how far the operation helps or enlivens his peculiar operation or favourite pursuit. Smoke will inspire a poem in a man of genius, or assist a mathematician in the solution of a problem. I was once almost of opinion that a finished education was an essential to the formation of a true smoker: but, no;—I subsequently met with a poor, uncultivated fellow, who had in him the right sort of stuff. He was a porter whom I employed to carry my portmanteau from a coach-office to the hotel where I was then staying. He was smoking from a short pipe the whole way, and I discerned such tokens of quiet complacency on his hard but good-natured physiognomy, over which every now and then a half-formed smile would steal, that I concluded he was either a smoker of the right

stamp, or nourished some happy conceit at the time in his noddle.

"You seem to enjoy your pipe, my friend," said I, for the purpose of drawing him out.

"Ay, sir, I like my pipe, as yer honour says. I likes to smoke when I've a load on my head; for a pipe o' 'bacco sets a man thinking, and the weight don't seem so heavy."

I was delighted. The man was a smoker, an humble member of the real fraternity; and, in the plenitude of my sympathy, I determined to administer to his gratification by a present of tobacco. I took him into a shop, and offered him a choice—"Will you have k'naster?" said I.

"Why, thanky, sir," replied the man, "since your honour's so good, I'd rather have shag or returns; for, if I was to get used to any of them fine 'baccas, I shouldn't relish the old stuff so well arter'ards, when I was obligated to go back to it; for I'm a poor man, your honour, and can't afford dear things."

Poor fellow! He was prudent, however, and I complied with his wish.

Many men that I know, though not actually practising smokers, have in them all the requisite qualifications—castle-builders particularly. Oh! if some of these knew the high enhancement which this grand adjunct to meditation is capable of imparting to the hazy dreams of an imaginative mind—the *vraisemblance* to brain created phantasmas—how eagerly would they embrace it! What currie and cayenne are to the epicure, smoke is to the man of genius, the philosopher, the poet, and the *thinker*. But a man, however well qualified, cannot at once enter into all the mysteries of tobacco, nor be directly capable of enjoying, in the fullness of their fruition, all those exquisite delights which the herb is capable of at last imparting. No; Nicotiana is coy, and requires a probation previous to admission into her *sanctum sanctorum*. *Nemo repente fuit smokeissimus!* I therefore recommend the neophyte to be chary in the use of the fragrant herb, and woo her favours by modest and respectful advances; not, emulative of equality with a practised smoker, endeavour to accomplish the consumption of a greater proportion than may be physically grateful or desirable. Gradually the beauties and advantages of smoke will be unfolded; and, provided he be at first temperate, he will, with each gentle suspiration, become more and more sensible of its balmy luxury.

Of the times, modes of smoking, &c., I shall say little. For myself, I generally consider quiet essential to the due enjoyment and appreciation of the operation. I therefore eschew all crowded and fashionable promenades. But I have another reason for that. It is vulgar to smoke in the streets or

parks, (unless in a very secluded part of the latter,) and, for the time, degrades a smoker to the level of a puffer. The linen-draper's shopmen, *et id genus omne*, delight in strutting with segars in Regent-street; and what gentleman smoker wishes to be identified with such? *Bah!* After all, smokers can scarcely marvel at the abuse heaped upon them, when they consider how their luxury has been vulgarized and desecrated by animals usurping their name.

I have no regulated periods for indulging in the fumous joy; but smoke when the "vein" is on me. I, however, especially revel in a segar before breakfast. I think I see many noses turned up by the anti-smoke-ites; but I can't help it. Generally, I prefer a segar or cheroot in the open air, and a pipe within doors. Oh! the ecstatic luxury of rusticating with a rich, full-flavoured roll of leaf, on an elevated and velvet greensward—a wide expanse of landscape before you—the perfume of your exotic mingling with the refreshing and balmy sweets of native vegetation—and the clear, blue exhalations floating in fantastic wreaths between your vision and the azure atmosphere of distance! At such a moment, all ruder passions are hushed, while the sublimer and more etherialized portions of the soul seem separated from the grosser dross of humanity, and to live for the time in their own undebased beauty.

Then, "a neat, snug study, on a winter night," your favourite author, and a meer-schaum or chibouque, to heighten the zest with which you devour his pages! Is it not delightful? With what complacency can you listen to the roaring of wind without, or the pitiless pelting of rain against your window, as you emit the graceful clouds of light vapour, and occasionally sip a temperate glass of mulled claret, or a cup of mocha!

But these, you will say, are solitary pleasures. Perhaps, the purest mental enjoyments are so. Nevertheless, our complaisant herb is equally capable of being rendered subservient to the delights of social intercourse—particularly, if I may so express myself, the sociality of *dualism*. A segar or pipe with a friend who is a smoker, may be reckoned among the brightest of those gleams of sunny happiness which illumine life, and expand the heart with kindness and good feeling; which attach us to the world, and put us in good humour with our species; causing us to forget awhile the duller and darker parts of life, and exploding our distrusts and misanthropy. After all, this quietism of the mind is its happiest mood;—freed from the turmoils and cares of life, the whispers of ambition, the absorbing thoughts of self-interest, from suspicion, from forebodings, it breathes a purer and holier atmosphere; and the concentrated but placid happiness of such a moment proves to us

there are Elysian spots, even in this world of care and sorrow.

I do not intend to discuss the comparative merits of various tobaccos, nor the modes by which the pleasures of smoking may be enhanced. These are matters of taste. One man prefers his *meerschaum* or *chibouque*, or even his pipe of common clay; whilst another argues for the superiority of a segar. I love them all. But, by the by, I have not much sympathy with a hookah; its monotonous gurgling disturbs my equanimity, and breaks upon that intense calm which, with me, is the soul of smoking, if I smoke solus. Not that I would undervalue the hookah. It is merely an individual preference.

The enemies of Nicotiana may abuse it as hard as they like; but they may be assured, had any man communicated the knowledge of that glorious herb to the old Greeks and Romans, he would inevitably have been deified. What capital smokers some of the ancients would have made! The peripatetic lectures of Aristotle would have been tenfold more brilliant, had they been delivered under the influence of a pipe; and the thunders of Demosthenes grown into something more than mortal with the adjuncts of fire and smoke. Horace and Juvenal would have imparted a sting to their satires, which, like that of the *turantula*, would have set every body mad, had they been assisted by the potent weed. How philosophical would have been the measured suspirations of Plato! Anacreon would have been more jolly and bacchanalian, and Epicurus more refined. As to the Iliad! I dare not imagine the superhuman height of magnificence to which that poem might have arisen, had old Homer occasionally assisted his inspiration with a segar. But, alas! there is no convincing the obstinacy of dogmatism. The anti-tobacconists will not believe a word, whilst my brethren of the pipe will feel that I discourse most veraciously.—*Tait's Magazine*.

SONNETS.—BY THE SKETCHER, IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

GENIUS.

Genius lay folded long in slumber deep,
And idle phantasies amus'd his brain.
Though Duty call'd him up, she call'd in vain,
Till Love she asked one day to break his sleep.
Love came. "Rise up," quoth he, "be quick, boy,
Joap."
With that he pricked his heart with so sweet pain,
That up he started both to joy and weep;
And thenceforth never slept so sound again;
For Love brought Beauty to his wondering gaze,
And bid him shake off sloth, and win the prize.
Then Genius burst forth into sudden blaze;
Soon Duty bless'd his home and enterprise;
Th' old housewife Penury packed her niggard stores,
And the steward Hymen turned her out of doors.

GENIUS.

Quoth Fame to Genius, "Who's to blame! thy
sons
Lie slumbering upon earth. It moves our ire

That thus they sleep away thy heavenly fire."—
Quoth Genius, "Penury! she brings them duns
To vex them up; so they lie close as nuns,
And hide themselves; and further, their attire
(Not having wherewithal to buy or hire)
Bears not the scrutiny of mid-day suns."
"Is't so?" quoth Fame; "then, Genius, take thou
Love."

'Tis done; they go. Whomever Genius touches
Love goads their hearts, and up they start and shove
Old Penury packing, with her rags and crutches;
And off they set, like racers for the prize
That fleeting Love still holds before their eyes.

STEAM-VESSEL.

I saw her when her smoky volumes curl'd
Over the woods. She paw'd the river tide,
And dash'd the flaky waters far and wide;
And as she pass'd her frightful hissing's hurl'd
Like some vast monster of a former world,
Rent by convulsion from a mountain's side
(Its stony sinews with new life supplied),
Amid a new creation wondering whirl'd.
The woods are mute; and the late leafy stems
Are hid as with a murky veil of death.
But now, the paintress Nature all re-gems,
And paints with golden tint the monster's breath;
The reign of beauty may not suffer wrong;
So the sweet birds resume their cheerful song.

STEAM-VESSEL.

Old Homer says that the Phæacian bark
The aim and purpose of its owner knows,
And self-moved to all parts and havens goes;
Nor steer'd, nor tack'd, as arrow to its mark,
Cover'd with cloud and vapour; so the lark
Straight to heaven's gate soars upward, and then
throws
Herself unheeding through the vapours dark
That 'twixt her homeward pathway interpose.
What means the bard? Did his sagacious mind,
With faculty inventive rarely fraught,
Leaving all present things as past behind,
Pierce to the future reach of human thought?
Or were Phæacian ships impelled by steam?
Truth ever gilds the poet's pageant dream.

FAME.

And what is Fame? what to the passing day?
A charm that gilds a melancholy hour,
And breaks into pure light through clouds that
lower.
And fain would chill the soul in mortal clay.
But if sweet beauty lists the poet's lay,
And with her eye benignant guard the flower,
A mortal plant, touched by celestial ray,
Then Fame hath wedded Love, and rich the dower.
Fame, for the future what? The thought that
rencheth
From earth to heaven, and quitting worldly throng,
Bears with it life's affections warm, and teacheth,
For them it lives for ever fresh and strong;
The friend's approval, and the children's tear;
The hope that all shall meet that once were dear.

FAME.

And what is Fame? when the closed eye is dead
To sight of pageantry; when the cold ear
Receives no sound, though loud the tramp and clear,
Is't like the passing wind in sunshine sped,
Leaving still bleak, and bare, the mountain's head;
An idle scutcheon o'er a lonely bier;
The rose wherein the cankerworm is bred—
Is Fame no more? It is. The dead shall hear.
Our Saviour's promise, if aright I read,
That whoso'er the gospel should be preach'd,
There should recorded be one gracious deed;
Fame as the soul's inheritance hath reach'd
Heaven with it, still enjoy'd—in earth, in heaven,
Immortal as the soul to which 'tis given.

THE DELFERY.

From an old Belfry Tower I looked down
Upon a churchyard, and a new day grave,

O'er which the rank grass with the wind did wave,
And show the scatter'd bones and relics brown,
And round about did rosy childhood play
At the grave's brink, and breathe the early breath
Of pure life in the precincts of decay;
So "in the midst of life we are in death."
A text; the comment—Lo! athwart the rust
Of the barr'd casement old and spiders spread
Their web, with dried flies matted, and thin dust
Of generations of the withering dead.
Still insects sport where ruin oft hath been,
Because the spoiler lurks within unseen.

BEAUTY—NATURE—WINTER.

Beauty and Nature quarrell'd on a day—
Twin sisters they. Beauty went off with Art,
And wondrous things they did in town and mart,
Till Art grew vain. Then at the proud display,
Shock'd with her sanction, Beauty stole away—
To Nature came; she press'd her to her heart
Warmly, though in her wounded friendship's smart
Cold Winter she had begg'd with her to stay.
The sisters now, loath to dismiss a guest
That merry was withal, Employment found,
And taught him how to smile and look his best,
And made him dresser of their forest ground.
To clear the paths, and sweep them with his storms.
Since then this annual duty he performs.

The Gatherer.

Infernal Machine.—The following account of an infernal machine, in 1587, is given by an old French writer. In the reign of Henry III., M. Malabre invented an infernal machine, and caused it to be conveyed to the Seigneur de Millan d'Allegre. It was a box containing thirty-six pistol barrels, each of them loaded with a couple of bullets. This box was so contrived, that, on opening it, each of these barrels was to discharge its contents, at the same moment firing off seventy-two balls. It was sent with a forged letter, as from his sister, signifying that she desired his acceptance of a curiosity, which the bearer would instruct him how to open. This bearer was the inventor's servant, who had been taught the manner of opening the box, but was a stranger to what it contained. Accordingly, it was opened by the direction and in the presence of M. de Millan d'Allegre, when the pistols were all discharged, but the gentleman and the servant were only slightly wounded. The inventor, M. Malabre, was instantly apprehended, and executed in the latter end of September, 1587.—W. G. C.

We may take Fancy for our companion,
but must follow Reason as our guide.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Potatoes in Prussia.—I have frequently seen them served in six different forms: the bread was made from them, the soup thickened with them, there were fried potatoes, potato salad, and potato dumplings; to which may be added potato cheese, which, by the by, is one of its best preparations, and will keep many years, for which we are indebted to Prussian ingenuity.—*Sketches of Germany and the Germans.*

Epigram, on a deformed, but most amiable, female, of whom "a lady" spoke unfeelingly, and with derision:—

In body—crooked! but, in mind—erect!
Scoffer! reverse the case—you'll see your own defect.
J. J.

Marriages at Manchester.—Sir George Head, when at the Old Church, heard the banns on one Sunday proclaimed as follow:—for the first time of asking, 65: for the second time, 72: for the third time, 60: total, 197.

Curious Epitaphs.—(From a Correspondent.)—I have been furnished with the following quaint memorials of the "unhonoured dead" by the minister of the small and retired village of Waddingham. They have, at all events, the charm of originality, and were long ago inscribed in that quiet nook, where "many a holy text around is strewn, teaching the rustic moralist to die."

In love we liv'd, in peace did part,
All tho it cot us to the Heart.
O dear—what thoughts who two had
To get for our 12 Children Bread:
Lord! send her health them to maintain:—
I hope to meet my love again.

O angry death yt would not be deny'd,
But break ye bonds of love so firmly ty'd!
She was a loving wife, a tender nurse,
And a faithful friend in Every case.

On one stone, exhibiting a copy of that very rare inscription beginning with, "Afflictions sore," the second line affords the following choice specimen of orthography:—"Physitions where in vain."

Think nothing strange,
Chance happens unto all;
My lot's to-day,
To-morrow yours may fall.
Great afflictions I have had,
Which wore my strength away;
Then I was willing to submit
Unto this bed of clay.

ANNE R.—

Fox.—In 1785, Fox, whose pecuniary embarrassments were universally recognised, being attacked by a severe indisposition, which confined him to his apartment, Dudley Long frequently visited him. In the course of conversation, Fox alluding to his complaints, remarked that he was compelled to observe much regularity in his diet and hours; adding, "I live by rule, like clock-work."—"Yes," replied Dudley, "I suppose you mean that you go tick, tick, tick."

Clary is the name of several species of sage, and is corrupted from clear-eye; because the seeds, powdered and mixed with honey, were supposed to clear the sight.

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